THE NATION

JULY 15, 1961 . . 25c

BERLIN
Background to Crisis

Geoffrey Barraclough

San Francisco to Moscow
WHY THEY WALK

Barbara Deming

The Sick Presidents

A Review by David Cort

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LETTERS

Cook and the CIA

Dear Sirs: "It's time to clean house!" — the final sentence of Fred Cook's masterful documentary on the CIA (June 24) must not be left in mid-air as an editorial slogan. I have ordered 100 copies for my friends in Los Angeles and will doubtless need more. I hope a copy has been placed on the desk of every Senator and Congressman, and especially on the desk of Adlai Stevenson. . . . Mr. Cook deserves a Congressional Medal of Honor for a great service to his country. No hero on a fire-wracked hill ever served his nation better.
Glendale, Cal. STEPHEN FRITCHMAN

Dear Sirs: I, too, think that the anti-democratic (both domestic and foreign) policies of the CIA should be exposed. But I believe you have done your cause great harm. In demonstrating once more that he is an exemplary master of the art of yellow journalism, Fred J. Cook has produced an article employing every trick and device of the hysterical writtings of the Radical Right. . . . The article offers almost nothing in the way of objective, substantiated fact. It is all "allegedly" this and "allegedly" that. . . . This is journalistic irresponsibility at its worst. . . . EVALYN F. SEGAL
San Diego, Cal.

Dear Sirs: The Nation and Fred Cook deserve the gratitude of the country, I think, for the issue devoted to the CIA [June 24]. I had been following this story for years and knew the pieces Mr. Cook put together. But as you said, when the whole is set down a new piece of information is revealed. . . . Down here in the industrial rubble we are privileged to views like a mariner might get of the sea bottom from his perch in the crow's nest. Only in reverse: we see the shadows from down below, moving above.

I'm so profoundly grateful for that issue. I'm working on spreading the reading of it. (MRS.) ROSE G. LEVAN
East Chicago, Ind.

Dear Sirs: Enclosed is my check for $7.50 for fifty copies of the special issue, "The CIA." I intend to advertise them in our weekly paper in this town of 3,000.

From past experience, I have learned that many, perhaps most, people are very suspicious of anyone who does something about his concern for society at large. (They can't understand that I am only protecting my own interests, because I just can't be happy in a world blasted by nuclear war. Nor can I close my mind to the rumbling of the not-too-distant drum.) For this reason, I would like to represent *The Nation* here as a salesman. My sales efforts and give-aways will then be understandable and socially acceptable. CARL PEMBLE
River Falls, Wis.

Mr. Pemble has been duly accredited as The Nation's *sales representative in River Falls, Wis. Are there any other readers with similar ideas?*—ED.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations to Fred Cook and *The Nation* on the CIA issue. It is a most able piece of work with a horrifying impact even on those of us who have followed the operations of the CIA with increasing alarm.

I have noticed two minor errors: Anglo-American Fellowship (page 538) should have been Anglo-German Fellowship; and (page 536) it is Caltex, not Gulf Oil, that has the Bahrein concession.
Durham, Conn. KEITH HUTCHISON

Corrections made in second printing. —ED.

Dear Sirs: Your issue of June 24, devoted to the CIA, was splendid. The Dulles brothers have probably been the greatest catastrophe to befall the United States since the Civil War.
Hamilton, Ohio WM. PALMER TAYLOR

Dear Sirs: Please send me four copies of the wonderful report on the CIA by Fred J. Cook. We generally pass our *Nation* on to friends, but this is such an intensely important issue, we want to reread it and therefore would rather buy copies than give up ours.
Cleveland, Ohio MRS. JOHN FABIAN

Dear Sirs: The enclosed check is towards a fund to defray the cost of mailing reprints of the CIA issue to college and public libraries and to those public officials who may be influenced by the cold facts. IRVING H. FLAMM
Beverley Hills, Cal.

Dear Sirs: Your issue on the CIA is frightening, but a tremendous piece of journalism. I have written my Senator, urging that he read it.
Monterey Park, Cal. MRS. CLAIRE KOPP

Dear Sirs: Enclosed is my check for 10 copies of the CIA. I want very much to educate a wide circle of non-*Nation*-reading friends. The CIA piece is a superb job of pulling together bits and pieces into a very much-needed educational document.
MRS. JAMES W. MCNALLY
Washington, D.C.

Second Printing of CIA

A second printing of Fred J. Cook's The CIA has come from the press and copies are again available at the following special low rates:

10 copies ..... $ 2.00
50 copies 7.50
100 copies 12.00

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1961
VOLUME 193, No. 2

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Urgency of Testing

Washington observers consider the resumption of nuclear testing almost a certainty. The record shows that no proposed step in the direction of total nuclear war has ever failed of adoption and, with the exception of the test ban, no step back from the brink has ever been made. Now, it appears, this one exception is about to be nullified. Both Soviet and American nuclear experts are impatiently awaiting resumption.

Aviation Week (June 26) summarizes the arguments from the American side. Some are familiar, such as the conclusion that the Russians have probably been cheating. Then the "neutron bomb," with its built-in "death ray," is dragged in. Since the neutron bomb is only in the theoretical-studies stage, there is nothing to test and by all indications there will be nothing for several years at least. But another development is described which is both more serious and more immediate.

It seems that laboratory work has resulted in a "dramatic reduction" in the size of conventional nuclear weapons. A "suitcase weapon" is said to be within the capacity of U.S. technology. It's a rather heavy suitcase — 100 pounds — but what a treasure! It will yield 100 kilotons of explosive force, or about five times as much as the Hiroshima bomb. For 600 pounds, we are offered a one-megaton yield. For every pound of bomb, we shall be blessed with the equivalent of about 3,330,000 pounds of TNT. Such a bargain cries aloud for testing.

At the other end of the scale, the megaton boys see the need for bombs of 100 megatons and up. Targeting officers are quoted as saying that a strike against Red China would be directed at population centers (there are so many Chinese!) and "begaton" and "gigaton" anti-population bombs must be fabricated and tested.

Confronted by weapons of such monstrous size in the one case, and so easily concealed in the other, one might think that sane minds would seek some way of preventing them from entering the arsenals and delivery systems of the two great nuclear powers. But this is not the Pentagon or Pentagon-Congressional view. The argument runs that, under the new conditions, a test ban is meaningless, since effective inspection of a country intent on deception is impossible. That the Soviets are intent on deception is accepted as axiomatic. As Senator Dodd says (*New York Times* June 26): "It can be stated as a fact that communism is utterly without humanity or moral scruples." So, to show *our* peerless humanity and morality, let us develop and test a means of killing everybody, and the sooner the better.

Summer Schedule

Through July and August *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be dated July 29.

The Press and Jimmy Hoffa

Today as yesterday the press must have a cast of characters, a convenient dramatis personae, so that the on-going national melodrama can be reported in a routine fashion and without jarring dissonance. The cast must include, for example, one or more "elder statesmen," a leading evangelist, a genial folk philosopher who flatters the national ego while appearing to be critical of it, and, among other familiar types, a Labor Boss, or Ogre. Never, in the lifetime of living Americans, have we been without this stock figure: the glowering Labor Czar of awe-inspiring power and easily caricatured features. For three decades the role was played with distinction and enthusiasm by John L. Lewis, a thespian of the school of Booth and Forrest; then as Lewis mellowed — a bit — with age, and be-

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came taciturn with the declining power of the miners, Harry Bridges was a convenient stand-in. Now, as last week's stories from Miami proved once again, it is Hoffa.

If the Labor Boss did not exist, he would have to be invented, for the public must be constantly reminded of the frightful power of labor. The power of General Motors, of General Electric, of the American Medical Association, of the Pentagon, and other power-accumulating institutions passes, if not unnoticed, with only a spasm of momentary concern. But the power of labor must always be inflated by the cube of the facts, and always with consequences exactly the reverse of those intended. For what emasculates labor leaders is social acceptability; what builds them is scorn, exclusion, contempt. When the press picks out a new labor leader for the familiar role of Ogre, the effect is to exclude him from the Establishment. He cannot serve on Committees or Commissions or go on Missions. He cannot be a Spokesman or a Distinguished Guest. Nor can he receive honorary degrees. Exclusion turns him into an outcast, which promptly endears him to the rank-and-file. Just as the AFL-CIO helped Hoffa and the Teamsters by riding them out of the "house of labor," so the press has helped by putting them beyond the pale — that is, outside the Establishment, which in any case is where labor belongs. The stereotype of Hoffa that appears in the national press — emphasized again last week — is of immense help in creating the conditions which insure him the nearly unanimous support of his rank-and-file. And the same treatment, if continued, may carry him to even greater heights. For against the background of a disintegrating labor movement, Hoffa may well become in name what he is now in fact: the leader of American labor. If he does, he will owe no small measure of his success to the lucky circumstance that he was chosen by the press to play the part of the all-powerful Labor Boss at the low ebb of labor's fortunes.

Everything But the Swastikas

For all Theodore Roosevelt's denunciations of "hyphenated Americanism" — by which he meant primarily German-Americanism — it is as strong as ever in parts of the country and the Congress. When Senator Joseph McCarthy intervened on behalf of the SS murderers of American soldiers at Malmedy, he knew what some of his constituents wanted. According to *New Commentary*, published at Frankfort-am-Main in West Germany, the old Hitler ideology "is alive today more than ever before the last war — only it is camouflaged, hidden beneath the cloak of 'military anti-communism'." And it is ardently supported by American Senators and Representatives.

The annual occasion is Sudeten German Day. In 1933, when the Nazis came to power, the Sudeten German Party was formed by Konrad Henlein. The Sudeten Germans had never belonged to the German Reich, they were subjects of Austria, but Hitler used them to accomplish the subjugation and ruin of the Czechoslovak republic. After the German defeat in World War II most of the Sudeten German population was transferred to West Germany, where they soon began carrying on neo-Fascist *revanchist* propaganda. On Sudeten German Day the propaganda reaches its peak. This is how the West German news magazine, *Der Spiegel*, describes the big doings: "Sounds of fanfares, rolls of drums, equal step: the Sudeten German youth is marching. Their uniform: gray. Their flag: black-red-black. Their field badge: the arrow rune." Nothing is lacking but the swastikas.

More than 60 American Senators and Representatives telegraphed their greetings. Representative Charles S. Gubser (R., Calif.) said, "I think that the spirit animating the Sudeten German Day is the greatest hope for the free world." Representative Billy Matthews (D., Fla.) assured the celebrants that "our beloved nation stands by in your struggle for your former homeland one hundred per cent." The Senators who expressed their love for the Sudetenlanders were: Barry M. Goldwater, Herman E. Talmadge, Karl E. Mundt, Thomas J. Dodd, Strom Thurmond, Andrew F. Schoeppel, Wallace F. Bennett, and Thruston B. Morton. Four Representatives, not content with sending greetings, attended the rally in person. They were Morgan M. Moulder, Gordon H. Scherer, Henry C. Schadeberg, and Roy A. Taylor.

Representative Scherer (R., Ohio) declared: "We have a common goal . . . anti-Communist organizations like yours and those in the United States should get more money. . . ." Yes, money. Where *does* the money come from? Presumably the American friends of the Sudeten Germans did not rise spontaneously on May 19 to salute their brethren. It would be interesting to know what organizations are promoting these international love fests, and what further progeny the marriage of anti-communism and pro-Germanism may be expected to bring forth.

The War of Nerves

Berlin has become the chief battleground of the East-West war of nerves. It is being conducted with a heavy hand on both sides. Witness the spectacle of Premier Khrushchev, who resembles a soldier about as much as he resembles an acrobat, arraying himself in a lieutenant general's uniform to warn the West not to push him too far. The spectacle in Washington is even more ludicrous. At least Khrushchev was a political commissar with the Russian forces in World War II, so his masquerade dates only seventeen years or so. But Washington, with its talk of calling up the National Guard, is going back all the way to the period before World War I, when

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the threat of mobilization, with tearful scenes at the railroad station as reservists were called to the colors, was supposed to strike terror into the hearts of enemy princes and potentates. Haven't they heard of the atom bomb? Or don't they think that the Russians have heard of it?

The Kennedy Administration, after its fiasco in Cuba and its frustrations in Laos, seems to be intent on showing that while it (and its predecessors) may not be very strong in the head, it has nerves of steel. It also seems to be suffering from what Dr. Karen Horney used to call neurotic pessimism. All hope has fled. Robert J. Donovan, chief Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, wrote on his return to the capital from a recent trip abroad, "It is appalling to discover how fully and soberly and deliberately — and universally — the possibility of war with the Soviet Union over Berlin this year is being accepted by high officials and by others who are keeping in touch with developments. . . . I cannot recall any time when the specter of Armageddon darkened the thoughts of responsible men the way it appears to be clouding them in Washington today. . . . Men who are grappling with the problem appear to believe that the United States and Russia are going to the edge of the abyss over Berlin." And in Berlin itself American forces parade, while West German Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano exhorts the United States and its NATO Allies to convince Premier Khrushchev that they will retaliate "with all means" against any Communist move to isolate Berlin. "With all means" is accepted diplomatic parlance for thermonuclear weapons.

But in that case, a few divisions of American National Guardsmen, of de Gaulle's Algerian conscripts, or any ground forces whatsoever, cannot possibly make a difference in what will quickly escalate into a thermonuclear war. Whether the families of American servicemen are in Germany or the United States is equally immaterial; they will be a target for missiles wherever they are. These techniques of the war of nerves cannot, in themselves, be taken seriously by the opponent: war has assumed other dimensions and other technologies. Their only function is to show resolution. But therein lies the danger. As both sides prove their readiness to practice brinkmanship, someone may stumble, the earth may give way, and all may go down together.

It would be much better to silence the generals once more and to see what, in the way of a new guarantee of the Allied presence in Berlin, the Soviets will yield in exchange for *de facto* recognition of East Germany. [See below: "Berlin: Background to Crisis."] That would introduce a grain of sense into the antics of statesmen who behave as if they were teen-agers trying to prove their virility.

BERLIN: Background to Crisis . . *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

London

"MOST OF US believe that the West will fight for Berlin," one of President Kennedy's closest advisers is reported to have said after Mr. Khrushchev's speech on June 21. "It is up to us to show Khrushchev that we will."

As an assessment of the present Western position, this statement is probably fair enough. But if we are going to fight, we had better be quite clear in our minds from the start what we are going to fight about. In every situation there are essentials, about which no sensible man will compromise, and unessentials, about which no sensible man will refuse to negotiate. Unhappily, in the Berlin situation, essentials and unessentials have become thoroughly mixed up.

In addition, and aside from the fact that real issues do exist both for us and for the Russians, both sides are playing the dangerous game of building up the crisis into a war of nerves in which success will come to those who hold out unflinchingly until D-day minus one minute. The Russians, we are assured, are banking on a failure of Western nerve, on the inevitable pressures of public opinion in a democratic system, on the assumption that Berlin is not worth nuclear annihilation (which, incidentally, it certainly is not if we consider it in isolation). Therefore we have only to show, by contingency planning and the rest, that we mean business, and Khrushchev's bluff will be called. Did he not, after all, back down after his six-month time limit in 1958? We shall hear a lot about this argument in weeks to come; but it is not really very convincing. Khrushchev backed down (if that is the right phrase) in 1959 because he thought he had secured a Summit meeting. After the failure of the Summit, he held his hand, as he explicitly stated, until the new Administration was in the saddle in Washington. Now he has had his Vienna meeting with President Kennedy, and has drawn his own conclusions. On the whole, the wise man today will forget the precedent of 1958 and 1959, and act on the assumption that Khrushchev means what he says. When he announces that Russia—followed, no doubt, by the other Communist countries, and perhaps by others as well—will sign a peace treaty with Eastern Germany "at the end of the year," we shall be very foolish to regard his statement as bluff.

It had better be stated immediately that none of this implies in any

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GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH is the author of History in a Changing World *and other books.*

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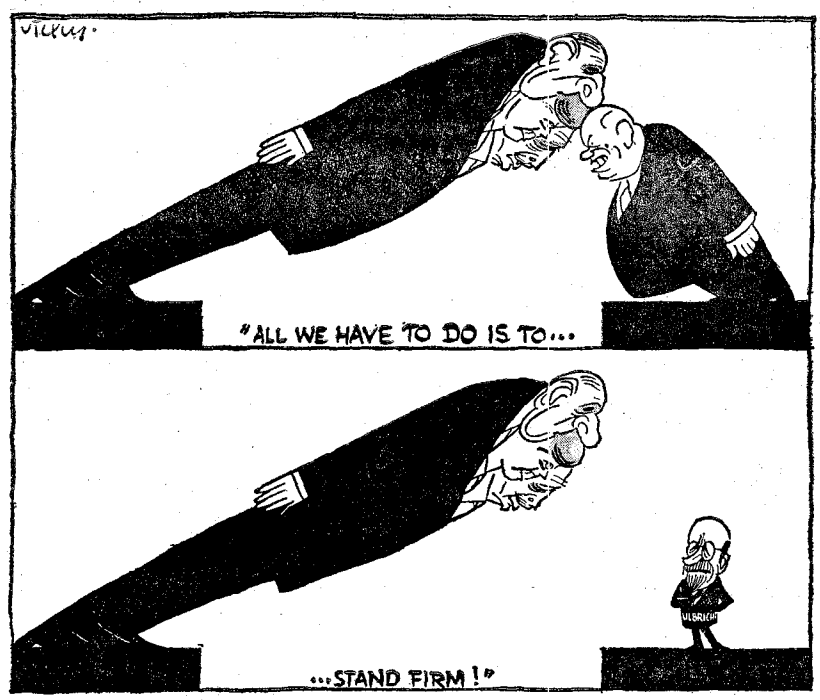
way that we must surrender to Russian threats. The crude alternative between giving way and standing firm, which is put before us as our only practicable choice, is entirely false. The West has clear and undoubted rights in Berlin, and there is no reason whatever to be bluffed out of them. But unless we are spoiling for thermonuclear war—as sometimes one fears that a few madmen in high places are—we had better make it quite clear to the Kremlin exactly what those rights are; and this needs hard thought, not brave postures. In exchange, we have every right to require Moscow to clarify its own position far more exactly than it has yet done. This means talking—preferably not public talking, but hard negotiation at a diplomatic level.



Vicky: Toronto Daily Star

THE WESTERN case is strong, but it is not the case usually put out for public consumption. The rights of the Western powers in Berlin are soundly based, but they are also a good deal more limited than the Administration has so far found it convenient to admit. It is important to be very clear about this. What the West can justly claim on the basis of the Four Power Agreements of 1944 and 1949—and what, in fact, Mr. Kennedy did claim at his meeting with Khrushchev in Vienna—was the right to station troops in Berlin and the right of access to and from the city. It may fairly be said—as Lord Home said in his interview in *Newsweek*—that nothing Khrushchev may do can impair these rights. But beyond this point the situation is far less clear, and anyone who goes to the trouble of searching the record will quickly discover how little else is covered by the existing agreements. The position, quite simply, is that the issues which now stir Western opinion—such as maintaining the freedom of the population of West Berlin, or the recognition of the East German regime—were simply not thought of at the time the basic agreements were negotiated; and it is these deficiencies in the existing agreements which constitute the strongest argument for negotiating a new agreement with Russia. Both juridically and practically the Western position—except on the cardinal point of the stationing and supplying of troops—is far less secure than is usually admitted.

In the first place, the Berlin agreements are silent about the civilian population. Though they concede the right to supply the Western garrison, they make no provision for supplying the civil population, and if Khrushchev were to interfere with civilian supplies—without which Berlin could not exist—he would certainly be within his legal rights. These are facts which, of course, are perfectly well known in government circles, and which go far to explain the Administration's reluctance, so far, to adopt an intransigent attitude. Nor, in the second place, is it clear—and this is to put it mildly—that there is any validity in the argument, so assiduously propagated in Bonn, that West Berlin is, in effect, a detached but integral part of the West German Republic in which, for example, the West German Parliament is perfectly at liberty to meet. The neutral observer is far more likely to conclude that Berlin is East German territory, in which, for special reasons, the United States, Great Britain and France have the right to station troops; and though this view may be unacceptable to us, we must take it into account if we are to have any hope of winning world support for our stand in the city. If the roles were reversed and we were dealing with a Communist enclave behind our front line, it seems certain that by this time we should have found some means of squeezing it out of existence.

The plain conclusion arising from these facts is that neither the present position of the United States nor the present position of the Soviet Union over Berlin corresponds to the realities. The West cannot possibly stand pat on its contractual rights and leave the population of West Berlin, for whose position it is largely responsible, to their fate. In their interests alone, it is imperative to negotiate a new statute, by which their rights and liberties will secure a firm international guarantee. Mr. Khrushchev has repeatedly stated that he has no intention of infringing the "rights and interests" of any party, or of changing anything in West Berlin "in favor of any one state or group of states." What is necessary now is to obtain from him an exact definition of what he means and proposes. If he does not provide it, the Western case will be immeasurably strengthened.

The road opened by Senator Mansfield—the suggestion that Berlin should be held in trust as a free city by an international authority (presumably the United Nations) with

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access protected by peace terms like those operating between Israel and the Arab states—should be explored. It could be achieved without material or moral loss to the West; but, as Senator Mansfield and Lord Home have both insisted, it must apply to the whole city and not only to West Berlin. The Soviet proposal that only West Berlin should be given the status of a free city is unacceptable; but Soviet willingness to negotiate on this point, in the interests of reciprocity, might be regarded as a test of good will and seriousness. In any case there would and could be no question of negotiating the occupation rights of the Western Allies.

THOSE who reject Senator Mansfield's proposals out of hand should ponder the alternatives. Suppose that no solution has been found by the end of the year, and the Russians proceed to put their proposals into force, what exactly may we expect to happen? The likelihood seems to be that the Soviet Union will sign a separate treaty with East Germany —the United States, one may recollect, has done the same with Japan —and then simply withdraw their forces from Berlin and probably from the rest of East Germany as well. The East German Government will then in all probability announce certain regulations governing access to Berlin by land, water and air, but will not attempt to block the access roads or to use force. How, and on what pretext, the West could turn such a situation into a cause for war is far from clear. The withdrawal of Soviet guards from the access routes to Berlin—for that, in practice, is what it would amount to—is the last thing that could be construed into a threat, and even if countries wanting to maintain communications with West Berlin found themselves in the position of having to negotiate them with the East German Government, instead of with the Soviet Union, it is difficult in one's fleeting moments of sanity to believe that a technicality such as this is something to fight about. An attempt to dislodge the Allied garrison or to interfere in the internal affairs of West Berlin would be something quite different; but of this there is no present sign.

When we look in detail at the Soviet statements, we find that the Soviet "threat," which has been inflated into a full-scale attack on the Western position in Berlin, amounts in reality to a demand that access to Berlin should be regulated "on the basis of respective agreements with the German Democratic Republic" instead of with the Soviet command, supported by a statement (less could not be expected) that "any use of force" by the Western powers to break through to Berlin "will be answered by us with force." In other words, what we call the Berlin question turns out to be the question of East Germany in disguise.

If, after the threatened Russian peace treaty with the German Democratic Republic, the Western powers were prepared to negotiate an agreement with the East German Government safeguarding their rights of access to Berlin, the crisis would immediately subside. If—which would be far more sensible—they can reach an agreement over Berlin in the next six months, signed by East and West Germany as well as the four occupying powers (as both Senator Mansfield and Walter Lippmann have suggested), it need not arise at all. Certainly, the completion of such a treaty does not depend on us alone; it assumes also the willingness of Moscow to come to terms. But all the indications are that Moscow is not unwilling. "More than anything else," Mr. Lippmann reported after his recent interview with Khrushchev, the Russian leader wants "to give legal status to the East German state." If he can do this by means of a settlement which will insure that the West's rights in Berlin remain inviolate, there is no reason to think that he will refuse.

THE WEST, of course, is under no obligation to recognize the East German regime. It has only to consult its own interests. But where do those interests lie? It is worth recalling that John Foster Dulles, whom no one would accuse of softness, was moving at the end of his life towards some sort of recognition of the East Germans as agents for the Russians, and there is no doubt that an agreement over Berlin signed by East and West Germany would be a further step in the same direction. It would not necessarily imply immediate recognition of East Germany by the Western powers, but it would certainly bring recognition nearer. The question we have to ask ourselves is: why not? If the only concession we have to make for an agreed new status for Berlin is recognition of the East German regime, it seems a small price to pay. For the Soviet Union, on the other hand, and even more for Poland and Czechoslovakia, which feel themselves directly threatened by West German rearmament, recognition is a matter of substance for which they will make worth-while concessions; for nothing else, from their point of view, will contribute as much (in Mr. Khrushchev's own words) "to fix the situation in Central and Eastern Europe as it has developed after the war"; and this, above all, is what they want to do.

The first task facing the West is to strike a balance between the advantages of an agreed new status for Berlin—which is certainly possible if we desire it—and the disadvantages of any concessions we may make. What seems clear is that the latter have been magnified out of all proportion. Certainly the occupation rights of the Allies, pending a final solution of the German problem, are not negotiable. Equally certainly we cannot agree to anything that will jeopardize the freedom of the West Berliners, or the city's free access to the West. But within these limits there is far more room for maneuver than is usually admitted, and there is no reason why, in the British Foreign Secretary's words, we should not work out "an honorable and peaceful solution." The prestige of the West, it is often said, is at stake, and there is truth in the contention. But the West will not gain prestige by clinging blindly to outworn dogmas, such as non-recognition of the East German Government, nor will it lose prestige by readiness for serious negotiation. Between the position taken up by Washington and the position taken up by Moscow, neither of which can resolve the Berlin stalemate, there is a third way; and our business in the next six months is to make sure that the third way prevails.

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San Francisco-Moscow: Why They Walk . . . *Barbara Deming*

IN MAY, I spent a week on the road with the San Francisco-to-Moscow Walk for Peace—which at this writing is in England, and hopes to reach Moscow by fall. Sponsored by the Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA), ten walkers had started out from California on December 1, and as they crossed the country others had joined them. When I began walking, in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, they were about thirty. In university towns, as many as three hundred sometimes walked with them, and by the time they reached New York, over two thousand people had joined them for some part of the way. The average stint was twenty to twenty-five miles a day.

WHY ARE WE WALKING? the leaflet that we handed out along the way asks rhetorically, and I wanted to answer in my own head, or bones, just that question. I knew the CNVA "program for peace" which it urges in each country the walk enters:

> Take the initiative in disarmament and continue to disarm regardless of what other nations do. . . . Train and organize citizens for nonviolent resistance to possible invasion. . . . Immediately start conversion to an economy not dependent on armaments. . . . Begin generous, large-scale, nonmilitary aid programs to the underdeveloped nations.

But why, specifically, were they *walking* with their message—rather than placing ads in the newspapers, as SANE does; or forming discussion groups, like the Committees of Correspondence; or trying to get articles published around the world?

"Trying to grasp the idea of it is what keeps you walking," one of them said to me the first day I was on the road. He was a small, rugged man in the roofing trade who had been hitchhiking back home after a job in the West when he had come abreast of the walkers. He'd crossed the road to ask them who they were, and ended by walking almost all the way to New York with them. Their program quickly enough made sense to him: "Violence don't solve nothing—never has." Nothing really new in what they suggested, was there? He'd often enough had the Bible quoted at him. There it was: "Turn the other cheek." But he hadn't seen many people dare to act on it.

It wasn't hard to "grasp" one meaning of the walk. It means: we are not just mouthing words. We care enough to stir ourselves. To walk from morning to night. Through the bitter cold. Through the drenching rain. Through the stifling heat. Up and down endless hills. Until we're so tired that it's easy enough to flop down at night in a sleeping bag spread on the hard floor of a church basement—or in a field. (In parts of the country where the American Legion had alerted all citizens, there had often been no hospitality, even from churches.) One of the walkers —Dave Rich, a slightly-built young man from New Hampshire—had walked every step of the way from San Francisco. He was a special figure. Each of the others had been disabled or exhausted at least for a time. A dilapidated Plymouth turned up at intervals to offer lifts to those in trouble. One girl from New York became lame enough to have to return home for treatment; but when I joined she was back, doggedly breaking herself in again. One older woman cared enough to join the walk with a nine-year-old son. He rode most of the time, conserving all too much energy, and the difficulties of tending him left her more haggard by evening than any of the others; but she persisted.

THAT they care is an implicit statement made to those who see the walkers pass by, and it is also a statement made by the walkers to themselves. One primary purpose the walk serves is to recruit serious workers for the peace movement. Joining the walk is a way of committing oneself, and a way of determining just how deeply one feels the commitment. "For some, this is a very inward walk," a blond, bearded young man informed me, the first day. It is a walk that goes out to meet people; but it is also a long walk in the sense of a serious conversation with oneself.

I soon observed that some gave more stress to the one aspect of it and some to the other. In the exhausting strategy meetings that took place at the end of each day (everybody was allowed his say—even the nine-year-old—and Dave Rich would usually close the talks with an anguished cry: "May I announce that

it is bedtime?"), there were those who were always bringing up the question of relations with the public and those who were much more concerned about relations within the group itself and what was frequently referred to as "the spirit of the walk." Certain of the walkers, every few days or so, would appeal to certain others to consider the *appearance* of the walk: to trim their beards, perhaps, if they couldn't be persuaded to part with them; to send their clothes a little more frequently to the laundromat. Derogatory remarks that had been overheard—about how "crummy" they looked—would be quoted in tones now urgent, now nearly resigned. The untidy ones would appear to be unmoved.

Some of the same people also disparaged the importance of the leaflets we were handing out. For a while I wondered whether they felt: the public be damned. The first morning I had heard a thin, blonde girl in toreador pants remark to a companion: "I don't really believe in handing out leaflets." The next minute she joked: "I could hand out pieces of Kleenex instead." Before we'd set out, I'd heard her strike a few inexpert chords on a huge guitar and announce: "We're walking to

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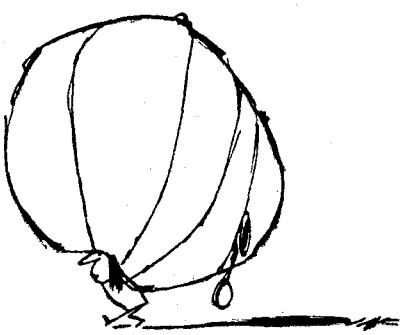
make the world free for pleasure," and I assumed that she was one who'd come along for sport. But in a day or two I changed my mind. More cars than the walk could afford had become attached to it—some carrying luggage; so at one meeting volunteers were called for to try carrying all their belongings themselves. The very next morning this skinny girl was on the road with an immense and awkward bundle of all her things strapped to her back—the guitar on top of all—toiling cheerfully up some of the steepest hills of the way.

At the same meeting, I'd heard one of the untidy young men say some things that made me understand the blonde's feelings about leaflets. He argued that there was no need even to keep a car to do the work of finding accommodations and arranging for speaking engagements. It would be much better, he thought, to have everyone on the road at all times, *walking*. If they were all "sincerely and honestly walking," they wouldn't need to keep explaining themselves. The walk itself would communicate their message. Their signs said enough. They wouldn't even have to worry about hospitality, he said; it would probably be offered to them spontaneously. If it weren't, they could camp out. His faith in the matter may have been naive; or—who knows?—it may not have been. But it was clear enough that he was serious.

And so was the blonde girl, I decided that day. A chilly and torrential rain soon began. Facing into it, she toiled on patiently, mile after mile, a poncho pulled over herself and her load, and she bent under it, but on her face a curious contentment. The great hump on her back swayed grotesquely as she walked. She looked now a caricature of a penitent, toiling up the long hills.

THE IMAGE, it occurred to me, was not entirely farfetched. There is a sense in which the walk had also this classic meaning: a walk of penance. Those who are walking are caught up in spite of themselves in our government's commitment to a policy of retaliation—should war come—against not merely "the enemy" but millions who would admittedly be innocent victims. Here, in the gesture of pacing mile after mile, these few, for their part, repent of such a commitment.

This aspect of the walk struck me throughout that day, as I watched them moving through the rain—and at noon, in the continuing downpour, seated on stones at the edge of the highway, eating a miserable lunch of wet sandwiches. (There were times on the trip, I learned, when, short of funds, they had subsisted mainly on a tasteless concoc-



tion from a can called Multipurpose Food.) But they looked remarkably light of heart under this self-inflicted punishment. While some sat finishing their tepid tea, one wandered through the neighboring woods picking flowers; one extracted from her sweater a stray kitten she had found (blind in one eye), and chased round with it; another, throwing back his head, snapped his fingers happily like a little boy, and declaimed in the original some verses from *The Odyssey*.

ONE DAY I heard one of the walkers—a young Quaker—make a bitter remark that points a further meaning the walk has for the walkers. In this country, he said, we criticize Castro—rightly enough, he thought—for his failure to hold elections; but we seldom stopped to ask ourselves how much of a vote *we* are allowed. For example, did we vote on whether or not we wanted to send U-2s over Russia? Those who are walking are very much aware of this, and walking is their way of asserting their franchise. They attempt, as Thoreau recommends, to "cast [their] whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but [their] whole influence." Thoreau is very much quoted among them: "A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its whole weight." The walkers attempt to vote with their lives.

Some, in joining the walk, had "cast" their lives more totally than others. A few had left college in the middle of the year and would have to repeat work if they returned. Still, it would not be too difficult for them to pick up what they had interrupted. But some had left jobs they could not easily return to; and some, in joining, had painfully estranged themselves from their families—they were more than literally now *on the road*. One young woman used a name that was not her father's, lest she embarrass him. One older woman talked with obvious suffering of her separation from a brother and sister. "I rode right out of my family—hard." (She'd never seen her brother angry until she informed him she'd become a pacifist. People feel oddly violent about nonviolence.) Some of those who had joined without thinking of it as a decisive gesture, would find as they walked that they were committing themselves more and more. As one of them joked to me: "The longer I stayed, the worse it got."

And in making this commitment of themselves, they would walk further and further out of previously accepted ways. The leaflet they distributed suggests various actions one can take to oppose war. ("The individual is never helpless.") One young man, while walking, reached the decision to withhold federal taxes. Another, when the walk arrived in Tucson—and as its habit is, picketed the military installation there—decided to commit civil disobedience at the spot, "in an effort," he wrote, "to wake the sleeping." The road for him led to six months in jail. Four of the walkers, when I arrived, had left the walk for two weeks to join a fast in front of the CIA, in protest against the invasion of Cuba; and two of them spent ten of those days in a Washington jail (the police decided that the fasters could not sit, but must keep moving, and some of them decided to protest this order and sit down anyway). The walk can mean

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in a very real sense taking to the road, leaving behind one's former associations, former securities.

Weighing this fact, I came, in the course of the week, to modify a little my attitude toward those who decline to make themselves look a little more respectable. There is *something* in their attitude that is simply realism. The walk "is not" (in the words of Pasternak's poem) "a walk in the field." If it is more than lightly taken, then it does imply riding right out of the world of conventional respectability. Why, then, should they pretend that they still belong to it? They *do* now belong to the road—where beard and unpressed trousers are the classic costume. No doubt they assume that those for whom respectability is a necessity of life will not accept their message anyway. One young woman said to me with feeling: "My family has always been after me to dress just so; but I've never seen them stand up for anything."

IF those on the walk who are walking seriously are on the road in the sense of having left respectability behind them, they are on the road, too, in another traditional sense: they seek a new life, a new world—one in which "the power of persuasiveness" replaces the power of arms.

> The power system is definable in terms other than military. . . . The great hope of America would be to develop in competition with the Communists and without the protection of a war system . . . out in the open. [These words are not from one of the walkers' leaflets, but were spoken last August by Justice William Douglas, in a forum at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions; but they describe well the preoccupation of these people.] We have stayed fat and complacent and decadent. . . . There is a versatility in the power system of the free world that I don't think has come through to the American people. . . . It is definable in terms of strength of belief . . . in terms of character, energy, vigilance, attitudes of faith and charity.

I had seen the word "love" sprinkled rather freely through the literature of the walk, and I had felt dubious about it. I could see too many readers smiling at it and tossing the leaflet away. But I was struck, in conversation with the walkers, by the very matter-of-fact way in which they spoke on the subject. That we must at last learn the special sense in which it is possible to "love one's enemy" while at the same time standing up to him seems to these people simply a fact of modern life, an accepted necessity. "When my friends get together they always talk about the nature of love—about how it's possible to love and respect another person," said a tall young man who had recently worked in a steel mill. When I gave him a questioning glance, he added quickly, "I wouldn't have it any other way, of course."

They assume the road is unpredictable. In laying down one's arms one enters uncharted ground. (This would be so even if all nations were to lay down their arms together.) They dare to enter this new world; and this daring as yet distinguishes them from the majority.

This fact was made vivid to me one evening when I joined two of the walkers who'd been invited home by a couple in the town we'd reached, to talk informally with a few of their friends. Several of the men present were scientists employed by a local war plant. As the evening wore on and questions asked of the walkers began to trail off, one of the scientists began to speak in bleaker and bleaker terms of the future as he saw it. We in America were engaged in a struggle to hang onto our unequal share of the world's wealth. And it was undoubtedly a losing game—ours a decadent society. We were losing the cold war. If we began losing very much more ground, he was afraid that *we* might be the ones to start a war. In the meantime, in our struggle to prevail, we were becoming less and less distinguishable from Russia, more and more totalitarian ourselves.

If he thought all this, we were moved to ask him, why did he still oppose the pacifist program as foolhardy? If nuclear war was gravely risked by maintaining arms—as he had admitted—and if what we were defending he thought less and less worthy of defense, why not take this other creative risk, in which we stood at least the chance of transforming ourselves into the kind of society he might admire? He answered with surprising candor: This would involve heroism and discomfort. "I can't take that road." He looked about the comfortable room. "I've worked hard for what I have. My world is small: this house, my family. But this is what is precious to me. I can't feel that your way is bound to succeed. I have little faith in your man in the street. So I have to cling to what I have while I'm allowed to enjoy it. It's not an admirable position to take," he said, and smiled wryly.

AS I WALKED beside first one and then another of the walkers, that week, I would ask: "How much hope do you have that you'll succeed—that the idea of nonviolence will spread?" The answer, though in different words, was always, to my astonishment, the same: "I don't operate on the basis of hope." One young woman looked at me with surprise and shrugged: It wasn't a question she'd asked herself before making her own decision. She'd only asked what was right and what was wrong. Writing in *The Nation* several weeks ago ["The Indignant Generation," May 27], Jessica Mitford Treuhaft wrote, "Students today are not so much political as moral. . . . The 'politically developed forces' of yesteryear have been replaced by the 'emotionally committed.'" I agree. Moving among the walkers, I thought very often of George Kennan's words, speaking against our weapons of mass murder: "It seems to me that there are times when we have no choice but to follow the dictates of our conscience, to throw ourselves on God's mercy, and not to ask too many questions." This is their position. They are political, of course, in that they address themselves to those in power; they hold up their signs in front of war installations, in front of government buildings; they raise their voices publicly. But they raise them without asking themselves "too many questions" even about whether or not they have a chance of being heard. They raise them because the truth for them is the truth, and will not be mocked.

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THE BOOM IN SMUGGLING . . *by David E. Walker*

London

SMUGGLING is almost certainly the world's second oldest profession. It has also, like the oldest, often been romanticized. The elderly use the subject for lectures, allowing their whimsical fancies to clothe one of the hardest, toughest and most resilient trades in existence. They quote Charles Lamb's dictum — "I like a smuggler, he is the only honest thief" — and then paint a portrait of the jolly sailormen landing their casks of brandy by moonlight while the hatchet-faced customs men cower on the cliff. There is a perceptible whiff of Robert Burns and all that—something over, something past, a colorful memory dipped in nostalgia.

This picture of smuggling is doubly false. Except for one period in England when the "free traders" (as they liked to call themselves) had the whole country behind them because goods were delivered free of the imposts levied by successive monarchs and governments, the smuggler has always been a rogue, a cheat and a vagabond. The picture is false in a second sense because it gives the impression that smuggling has sunk into history, something to hang on the wall like clay pipes and cutlasses.

This simply is not true.

I am writing from the country which is the father and mother of professional international smuggling. From the earliest days when wool was smuggled out of England to the weavers on the Continent (despite the death penalty), through the years when wine was smuggled inward, then silks and spices, then tobacco, rum and slaves, then currency outward to Napoleon and armaments to Spain — throughout these centuries England was the acknowledged master of the world contraband movement. It was only in the last century that the British declared war on China to force her to take opium smuggled from India. It was only in the last century that the Royal Navy still had to blockade England's south coast.

It is true that by 1900 international smuggling was in the doldrums. There had been a great wind of change in this country. Wesley and his conscience had paved the way to Peel and his reforms. Smuggling lives on duties and repression. When these are repealed or removed, smuggling abates.

But the pause was short-lived.

Smuggling thrives on war. During and after World War I, new duties and taxes had to be introduced. War also brings shortages, another contraband stand-by. By 1919 the smuggler was back in business, but the benefits he derived from that war were as nothing to the opportunities laid at his door by World War II. By then he also enjoyed vastly improved communications and a material chaos in Europe which turned the Continent into a luxurious contraband garden. The cold war has given him further help.

Today, professional international smuggling is enjoying a new heyday. Among the old favorites, tobacco, tea and coffee are still smuggled in Europe; but the really big profits lie elsewhere: in diamonds, gold, Swiss watches and, towering over everything else, the East to West flow of illicit drugs.

DIAMONDS are of two kinds: the gem and the industrial stone. The gem is essential to women: the industrial is essential to war. The headquarters of the world diamond trade is in London; the stones are mined in Africa, and cut in Antwerp, Amsterdam and (increasingly) in Israel. The African digger smuggles the diamond by swallowing it. He then sells it to an illicit diamond buyer. A great deal of the present smuggling is done from the British Protectorate of Sierra Leone via the independent African state of Liberia. The subsequent routes are too complex to describe here but boil down, essentially, to two.

The majority of contraband gems find their way to New York via Antwerp. Industrial stones find their way to Moscow, often via Beirut. America has stockpiled all the industrials she requires and Soviet smuggling may have diminished since the embargo on their open sale has been lifted. Even so, the Governor of Sierra Leone last year estimated that over $1 billion worth of diamonds had been smuggled from his small territory alone since 1956. Nobody seems to know how Red China gets her industrials. If she is dependent on Moscow (and no industrialization is possible without the rough stones), then the Kremlin has a wholly unpublicized grip on Peking. More than 90 per cent of the world's industrials come from the Congo.

Contraband gold flows predominantly from the West to the East, mainly to India and Pakistan (an exception is France, psychologically gold-hungry). Dealers will pay 25 to 40 per cent above world prices. The flow to India alone is estimated at $50 million a year. The trade flourishes from Macao and Hongkong to the Middle East, particularly Beirut and Kuwait. There is also the British gold sovereign; since minting began, roughly $2.8 billion worth have vanished, and it is believed that at least $800 million worth are still busy underground.

The smuggling of watches is on a scale almost beyond belief. A woman I know made nearly a quarter of a million dollars in two years trading between London and Berne before a mishap sent her to jail. High tariffs all over the world are a boon to the smuggler. Illicit watches enter Brazil at the rate of a million a year. Switzerland makes a comfortable $250 million a year from legitimate sales; but last year, for instance, Hongkong bought nearly $30 million worth of these watches, of which at least 99.9 per cent must immediately have gone underground.

The curious fact here is that you cannot make rockets or bombs until you have learned to make wrist watches. Hence the high tariffs in

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America and Britain. In 1937, almost unobserved, Russia bought a Swiss factory, lock, stock and barrel, and removed it to the Soviet Union. For twenty years Soviet progress was kept secret. Then, in 1956, a British mission was invited to Russia to examine the watch-making industry there. The visitors found an industry producing "a higher average standard of watch than any other country," according to their report — an interesting observation, considering Russia's recent exploits in space. "High precision clockwork has become essential to the whole armaments industry," I was told at the headquarters of the British industry in Clerkenwell, London.

This year, the Soviet Union may beat the record output of Switzerland, which is roughly thirty million watches a year. Hence the Luniks, the Sputniks — and, as a derivative, the smuggling.

BUT BY FAR the world's greatest smuggling problem is drugs. Britain foisted opium on the Chinese and the Orient. Today the unwelcome boomerang returns.

It is a subject on which Britain and America discreetly disagree. There is no doubt that the flow comes from the East and is directed at America and Canada, and everyone is agreed that it constitutes today's greatest contraband racket. Harry Anslinger, director of the Federal Narcotics Bureau in Washington, accuses Communist China of using smuggled drugs deliberately and politically to subvert Southeast Asia and undermine American youth. He produces facts and figures about the trade which few can dispute. The Sicilian-bred Mafia is certainly involved. Illicit factories in Europe and the Middle East turn the crude opium into heroin. It used to be smuggled by ship from such ports as Marseilles and Hamburg. Today it is being flown — largely from France.

But London, well aware of the flow, stubbornly rejects the Anslinger theory about its being a deliberate political weapon used by Red China [see "Opium Trade: Is China Responsible?" by John O'Kearney, *The Nation*, Oct. 15, 1955].

Illicit opium and its derivatives run underground to the West from the "Yunnan area" — a technical expression for a roughly circular area which includes China, Burma, Laos and Thailand. It *could* be that Communist China has organized a subterranean fountain to poison American youth: but the Dangerous Drugs Department of London's Home Office thinks that the explanation is simpler.

Its simple explanation is that heroin and other opium derivatives are run to America and Canada because the profits there are higher than anywhere else. An American book on this subject by Frederic Sondern, published here under the title *Brotherhood of Evil*, gives hair-raising figures of the profits still to be made from the world's ugliest trade. These figures were confirmed to me, through an intermediary, by Charles Siragusa, now Mr. Anslinger's associate in Washington — a man of outstanding courage who not only made Italy change its laws when he was posted to Rome but who personally, in disguise, broke up a number of dope rings.

Let us return for a moment to the charge that Communist China is trying deliberately to wreck American youth with smuggled drugs. Where, geographically, lies the evil heart of the "Yunnan area?" Unfortunately, I cannot quote my Geneva source by name, but he is an expert on the subject.

When the fighting that preceded Chiang Kai-shek's defeat was virtually over, 125,000 of the Generalissimo's men were cut off and stranded in the southernmost tip of Yunnan Province. They straggled south into north Burma's Kachin states. This is natural opium country. These men, and their women camp-followers, have had to survive. They knew how to grow opium and the facilities were at hand. Thailand's representative at the U.N. Narcotics Commission keeps complaining of the way that opium "pours in as raw material from the north"; the Laotian representative talks of "uncontrollable ethnic minorities." In the view of the Geneva expert, the growers of one of the world's great supply centers are the former members of

Chiang Kai-shek's "other army." There is a cruel irony in the possibility that the crude opium from which heroin is smuggled to America to "undermine American youth"—if such is the purpose—is grown by the survivors of those who fought communism in China; and these men, if they belong to anyone, belong to the regime which America has so long upheld in Taiwan.

THE TRADE in narcotics is tied up with prostitution, arms smuggling and most of the other underground trades, including the movement of gold. Gold pays for diamonds, Swiss watches and also for drugs. To unravel the entire pattern would take a lifetime.

Britain and America must agree to disagree about the political background to contraband drugs. They have disagreed pretty firmly since about 1954. Britain primly quotes alarming figures for drug addiction in America; and a committee report to the Federal Bureau of Narcotics in 1958 makes the British out as opium smokers. "The unfortunate narcotics situation in the United Kingdom," says this report, "is a reflection of the free National Health Service, otherwise known as socialized medicine."

Well, well! For the sake of peace, let us leave it at that. Both nations at least come to terms in recognizing — as does Interpol in Paris and the U.N. commission at Geneva — the fabulous scale on which drugs are now smuggled. Over here, we don't agree with Mr. Anslinger, but we will cooperate to the utmost in his war against the trade.

All these points should be re-

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membered when the moonier lecturers dilate on the glamour of smuggling. Diamonds are smuggled in the rectum, gems have been found in dirty diapers and under festering sores, a hunchback's deformity turned out to be tobacco and the women of Macao use the ultimate system for transferring gold. Arms are bought and sold, while still on the high seas, by rich gentlemen in Geneva. One of the most successful smugglers today is a Spanish banker whose cuisine, like his manners, is irreproachable.

Britain, as far as I know, is not prepared to go to war with America over the truth about drug smuggling. I sincerely hope that we don't. It is only 101 years since our final Peace Treaty with China under which (among other clauses) the Chinese were expressly forbidden to refer to us as "barbarians."

REBELLION or DELINQUENCY?.. *by Joseph Margolis*

IF IT IS nothing more, juvenile delinquency is expensive. And so, quite naturally, the adult community is forever mobilizing for large-scale conferences and surveys and experiments, with an eye as much to reducing costs as to removing the embarrassment of an increasingly unruly adolescent population. On the strength of U.S. Bureau of the Census estimates, by 1965 juvenile courts in the United States will be faced with more than a million cases. The U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency estimates that juveniles annually steal about $115 million in property. Public alarm is understandable, but the question remains whether our zeal for reform will be matched by our grasp of the problem.

"Juvenile delinquency" is a term applied to adolescent activities seen exclusively in terms of breaches of law, without regard to the seriousness of the offense. The FBI reports that about 2 per cent of juvenile arrests in the nation, in 1957, concerned robbery and aggravated assault, and that less than one-tenth of 1 per cent concerned criminal homicide; nearly 30 per cent concerned petty breaches like truancy and curfew violations. It is left to social observers of various sorts to correlate with the rather relaxed definition in question all the variations that human ingenuity can devise of race, creed, religion, family organization and stability, health, education and training, mobility, economic status, social context. Small wonder that no comprehensive "causes" of delinquency have been promisingly hit upon. Correspondingly, no comprehensive cures have been responsibly put forward.

As a matter of fact, many of the familiar cure-alls regularly prescribed for our national ailments would quite obviously be useless. We hear on all sides, for instance, that our youth must be retrained in religious education. But it is an absolutely patent fact that church membership is on the increase in the United States and that, in particular, as they come predominantly from the lower classes, large groups of juvenile delinquents have already been initiated into the most earnest and demanding religious communities. We hear also that our youth must be reintroduced to their democratic heritage. But the plain fact is that our official ideology, such as it is, is traditionally championed most ardently in the urban centers of our country, precisely where delinquency is most rampant.

We are asked to support the systematic development of community play facilities. But the truth is that, not infrequently, adequate or near-adequate facilities are already present where significant delinquency patterns arise. In much the same spirit, it may be observed that not negligible delinquency outbreaks occur in communities where homes are not typically "broken." A different sort of familiar recommendation demands that adolescents be trained to accept their environment; since this is not infrequently a slum or near-slum, they are being asked to live contentedly with a state of affairs they are also regularly taught runs counter to democratic (and to their own) interests. It may be noted further that delinquency has a rather impressive ability to survive slum replacement.

DELINQUENTS are of considerably different sorts, even disregarding their family histories. They range from single to multiple to habitual offenders, and from lone to informal clique to gang operators, and from impulsive to willful to criminally motivated agents, and from harmless to difficult to dangerous social beings. The classification of the juvenile delinquent, though it cannot altogether afford to neglect the matter of the breach of law, must, if it is to facilitate effective reform, turn away from the misleading uniformity of the label itself. As soon as we see this, we are bound to ask ourselves whether all forms of so-called juvenile delinquency are equally undesirable or even undesirable at all. And behind this question looms that other more delicate question of the sense in which the adult world decides adolescent conduct to be or not to be desirable.

Now, though they exhibit a considerable range of activities, the most interesting, and perhaps the most important, of juvenile delinquents' characteristic behavior patterns are to be found in their gang life. The juvenile gang is a highly mobile and fluid but recognizable society, with incompletely rationalized goals, numerous short-run projects frequently impromptu and characterizable chiefly as inquisitive

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and experimental, with a strong flair for the dramatic and the exciting. It is highly social, tends to live as completely a public life as possible, is exhibitionistic, and interested in virtuosity of any sort. It is not deliberately an outlaw society, but lawlessness is frequently either the by-product of its intense enterprise or else a particularly intriguing avenue for personal trial and discovery.

There is much that is admirable in the society of juvenile gangs. For one thing, they live in an atmosphere in which all desirable achievements (never mind the criteria, for the moment) are publicly applauded and remembered. Everyone has a place in this society that depends on a realistic assessment of individual abilities, recognizing a range of talents peculiar to adolescents and normally ignored or depreciated by adults. In fact, the adult world (surely, at least through the eyes of adolescents) is noticeably indifferent to its own members and to most of their skills.

For another thing, the juvenile gangs devote themselves with impressive steadfastness to the virtues they have selected. Loyalty, honor, enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, courage: these are proverbial among them. They are interesting virtues, too. They are rarely prominent in the adult world; they are the virtues peculiarly associated with purposeful living of a heroic sort; they are associated with high vitality and excitement in living from day to day; and they are the important secondary virtues, suitable to support whatever careers adolescents eventually commit themselves to.

These juvenile gangs are also to be applauded for creating a society pattern in which very definite and severe codes of conduct are developed, however capricious at times, in which adolescents can experiment with self-mastery, public competition and personal talent in a relatively free way, separated from the unfriendly and frequently humiliating eye of the adult world, and all this throughout a period of growth well known for its awkwardness and anxiety, even for its special illnesses.

The adult world thinks primarily of curbing the delinquent tendencies of juveniles, whose activities are admittedly expensive, disruptive, frequently vicious and dangerous, irreverent, contemptuous of adult authority, embarrassing. And so, the adult world seeks to insure their docility, whether by detention and penalty or by the organized play period — that is, by a hard or soft sell. It thinks first of protecting itself from the juvenile, and prizes conformity at least by default. Nevertheless, we have some reason to believe adolescents themselves need a bit of protecting.

THERE is no reason to think that warring gangs of juveniles will magically reform the urban communities which adults have worked at with such little success. But it is at least a contribution to the future's promise that adolescents be permitted as freely as possible their moment of rebellion. We move against delinquents with considerable annoyance, because they actually threaten at times the stable routines of our urban life. But we move against, say, beatniks with depreciating tolerance, because their own genteel background dictates relatively nonviolent and genteel rebellion. Still, the principle is the same. The adolescent that is fully alive ordinarily, somewhere in his young career, repudiates the standards and practices of the adults who would govern him. This is his classic first step toward assuming responsibilities, forming his own identity, marking his map of the world, trying his mettle.

There is considerable waste, no doubt, in the extravagant forms of rebellion adolescents are prone to choose. Adults would probably choose wiser courses for them. But these are the choices of adolescents themselves, the first ventures in self-assertion. And there is, after all, no substitute for them. The adolescent whirl is too heady and painful for settled adults, and that is as it should be. But, in all fairness, the routine, even monotonous, unexciting, unenthusiastic, long-range, unheroic, safe activity of adults is usually too tame and only intermittently interesting to adolescents. The contrast argues what is still too much ignored in the public handling of delinquency cases: we must somehow come to recognize that the spirit in which much of the adolescent's lawbreaking occurs is neither lawless nor law-abiding, but indifferent to law in its serious and primary experiment with all the possibilities of life — notably with heterosexual and homosexual play and with giving and taking orders, both of which lead juveniles afoul of the law.

WHAT THE proper balance is between the normal, legitimate interests of the adult world to protect itself and its property and the normal interests of parents to give scope to the special forms of expression their maturing children choose is an empiric matter, to be settled gradually by the give and take of sympathetic, unobtrusive supervision. The important thing is that the distinction of adolescent life be recognized as well as the unsuitability of judging the behavior of half-formed, earnest and groping creatures by standards of conduct suited to fully fashioned, perhaps "tamed," adults. It is not a question of supporting a double standard of responsibility, given the conditions of growth that are peculiarly theirs. And it is not a question of condoning murder, larceny, drug addiction, sexual license, but rather of finding larger boundaries of tolerance within which adolescents may carry on their necessary experiments without the usual recriminations. It is, most certainly, in the ultimate interests of both adults and adolescents (that is, former adolescents and future adults) to reduce the occurrence of purely destructive and deliberately criminal activity. And it is here perhaps that our grand surveys promise to have some use. But the really serious issue behind what are by this time vast debates is the very simple question: what do we want to do with our adolescents? The issue, that is, is the issue of policy. And issues of policy are, primarily, issues of adult instruction. Even a systematic effort to introduce adults to the facts of adolescent life — their physiology, growth, typical illness, emotional characteristics, ma-

(Continued on page 40)

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Sick Presidents

THE HEALTH OF THE PRESIDENTS. By Rudolph Marx, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 376 pp. $5.95.

David Cort

THE President of the United States, first minister of the American people, is hired subjectively, almost by acclamation, after a partisan personnel screening, and is answerable to nobody and hence to everybody. But once their act of faith is consummated, the people now seem to develop misgivings. By way of their press representatives, they have taken to inspecting their new property, less as man, brain and character than as an animal, to look at his teeth, rap his knee and chest, listen to his heart, take a throat smear and perhaps read his horoscope.

After eight years of President Eisenhower's ailments — and they seemed to me serious enough to keep me from voting for him a second time (but that is also a political opinion), we are again in the midst of a national anxiety bee over the President as an animal. One hears one's lay friends issue portentous medical opinions, not wholly out of step with their known political opinions. Even doctors indulge in this kind of forensic medicine. Washington reporters demand firm answers to medical questions they have never asked their own doctors. And what exactly is it all about? Did we elect the man for his physical prowess? Are we going to impeach the President every time some doctor gives him a poor prognosis? Do we want to rush this news to our allies and enemies? For it is often true that powerful interests would much prefer the Vice President to be President, and would like to hamstring the President's effectiveness by crying over his imminent demise. We will return to a historic case of this kind.

IN THE current flap about President Kennedy, we are after all discussing a vigorous young man whose whole family has a fine health and longevity record. He has, it is true, a history of severe back trouble, malaria and adrenalin deficiency. And what, pray, is your history? The President must deserve from his fellow citizens a little of the same rights they claim. Nobody else would let one walk up and ask, "And how is your gastro-intestinal tract today?"

At last, for the first time on record, this whole matter of our Presidents as clinical cases has been researched and recorded. Dr. Marx is an ex-officer of the World War I German Army and an immigrant to the United States in 1922. One would wish that old Americans, or even the members of the John Birch Society, could work up a little of the deserved affection, admiration and pride this relatively recent American feels toward our past Presidents. For all these men, with the possible exception of Harding, stand up as remarkable, and often amazing, men, whatever history's considered opinion of their political value. On their medical histories, one cannot see that they were either qualified or disqualified for the Presidency as animals. Sickness was often the making of them, as in the case of Washington. Four died in office of natural causes: W. H. Harrison, Taylor, Harding and F. D. Roosevelt. The first two were tough old soldiers; and we could not have denied Roosevelt his right to finish the greatest war in history. Three others were assassinated, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, as the world entered the age of mass hatred, but surely this cannot be construed as a betrayal of trust.

Seven Presidents died in office, but the lesson is not that we should try to abolish Death in the White House. It might be that more care should be given to the selection of Vice Presidential candidates. Even such foresight can only be imperfect; when a new man comes into that office, the nation takes a new gamble.

The present survival of three ex-Presidents (who, because they are alive, are not considered in Dr. Marx's courteous work) suggests that the Presidency is not, even now, an automatic death sentence.

The evolution of the Presidency has been paralleled by the evolution of the science and art of medicine. The medical treatment of Washington and of Garfield seems today horrifying. A large part of Dr. Marx's problem was to find the old records and to reinterpret them in terms of modern knowledge. Where there are no records, he has described the customary therapies that were probably applied, over the period of two centuries on which he is reporting. He believes that Garfield and McKinley might possibly have been saved by modern medicine; Lincoln's wound would be mortal today.

Essentially, every chapter is an account of the progress toward, and the final arrival at, death. Since the author has first described the real man to whom this is happening, the account is heartbreaking, again and again. It is not nice to watch Lincoln die, or Garfield or McKinley or anyone else; but as the two old ex-enemies and friends, Adams and Jefferson, both hold onto life until the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, a glory and tragedy are unwittingly acted out by these two rotting and wonderful carcasses.

THE White House, with the Potomac swamps, and a sewage ditch running across the back yard, was for long perhaps the unhealthiest spot in the United States. The endemic diseases of the South were brought in by all the Southern Presidents, yet they were remarkably long-lived. The longevity of the Presidents declined after Lincoln, until quite recent times. The life expectancy seems now to be on the upswing, considering the three living ex-Presidents. Some of the best risks, like Polk, died early; some of the worst, like Cleveland and Taft, passed seventy. The "cause of death" should never be taken literally, since most people die of the complications that, simply, one way or another, stop the heart. Sometimes, as in the case of W. H. Harrison, it is the doctors' treatment that kills them.

Dr. Marx's visceral point of view has the effect of bringing these men to life in a fresh and valid way. Our two greatest Presidents happen also to have been the two strongest: actual physical giants, wrestlers and rail-splitters. The smallest was Madison at 100 pounds, the biggest Taft at 330 pounds. Grant until he grew his beard looked like a slim, graceful, feminine youth; his voice was sweet.

The present demand to know everything about the President's viscera seems to me a decadence of the democratic state. When the people elect a President, they have taken a risk. Within reason, this risk must be accepted to the end. The public process of nagging at the President's health has political undertones, or feminine overtones, or the smell of the back fence. The nominating convention is a good time to discuss a candidate's medical history; his

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Administration is not. In the case of Eisenhower, this principle was exactly reversed.

Once there was an instance when it was of utmost importance to the prosperity of the nation that a President's potentially fatal illness be completely concealed. It was at the beginning of Cleveland's second term. The Sherman Silver Act was ruining the American economy, and there was a world crisis. Cleveland wanted the Act repealed. As he set about arranging this, he discovered that his upper jaw had developed a cancer, which had to be removed at once. What made the situation sticky was that his Vice President was Adlai Stevenson, a silver man. The operation was performed secretly, July 1, on a yacht moving slowly in the East River off Manhattan. The House repealed the Act on August 28. The next day the medical story broke in the papers, supposedly inspired by the dentist on the operative team. But since Cleveland by then looked and sounded better than ever, the denials were believed until the authoritative story was issued twenty-four years later by the doctor in charge.

What should have been the citizen's moral attitude toward this flagrant deception? The citizen had elected the whole man, Cleveland, complete with his cancer, then unknown even to Cleveland. Cleveland's value to the citizen was to get the Sherman Silver Act repealed, rather than to be a perfect physical specimen. The first value would have been seriously compromised, if the second value had been proved false. Against the interest of the citizen who had voted for Cleveland, the mere rumor of Cleveland's cancer might well have ruined the nation. Should the citizen still demand this titillating bit of information?

All science, all civilization, is dedicated to the reduction, if possible to zero, of risks, of unpredictable outcomes. But ultimately, in every aspect of society, in our dependence on other human beings, some risk must always remain. The risk inherent in electing a human being to the Presidency is not eliminated by nagging him about his imperfections.

Letters from the Old Hawk

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WALT WHITMAN. Edited by Edwin H. Miller. New York University Press. Vol. I (1842-1867) 394 pp. Vol. II (1868-1875) 387 pp. $10 each.

Charles T. Davis

THESE FIRST two segments of the four-volume *Correspondence of Walt Whitman* launch an edition of his Collected Writings which will eventually run to fourteen volumes. The letters now offered, from 1842 to 1875, are edited admirably by Edwin H. Miller. This collection enriches, but does not essentially change, the figure of the man as it emerged from Gay Wilson Allen's *The Solitary Singer* (The Macmillan Company, 1955). Old Walt is as complex and as baffling as ever. He is, at once, the responsible family man, sustaining his mother and the weaker members of the Whitman clan (and there were many) by notes conveying sympathy and small sums of money; the practical author, directly involved in the numerous details of publishing and eternally suspicious of the agents entrusted with selling his works; the ambiguous father-lover, earnestly entreating one of the darling soldier boys whom he had nursed back to health to come with him after the Civil War and dwell in some place where they could make their living "and be true comrades and never be separated while life lasts" (to T. P. Sawyer, April 21, 1863); and the competent government clerk, using his powers with efficiency and humanity under the authority of a quick succession of attorneys general. Oddly, what we see least of in these letters is Whitman as critic and thinker—that side of him emerges only in infrequent but wholly convincing moments that occur when he is writing to a foreign admirer like William Michael Rossetti in England or Rudolf Schmidt in Denmark.

Mr. Miller's present volumes cover thirty-three years of Whitman's life, up to the age of 56. We do not yet have, then, the whole Whitman, since he lived, though gravely handicapped in later years, to be seventy-three. However, these volumes carry the poet through most of the major crises of his life: the shock of war, as reflected in his reaction to the mangled bodies of the soldiers whom he tended in the Armory Square Hospital in Washington; the overwhelming affection for Peter Doyle, a motorman on the Baltimore and Potomac R. R., which Whitman had to fit somehow into the quite orderly pattern of his life; the failure to win a sympathetic American critical audience, felt with especial intensity after the publication of the fourth edition of the *Leaves* in 1867, for which he had such high hopes; the first paralytic stroke, suffered in January, 1873; and, perhaps, the most cruel blow of all, in August of the same year, the death of his "inexpressibly beloved" mother.

We have known something of Whitman's adjustment to these traumas through more limited volumes of correspondence published earlier, but we have not had before the comprehensive and rich documentation of the poet's reactions to his problems which Mr. Miller's volumes afford. What seems particularly touching here (it has received comparatively little attention before) is the gallant refusal of the poet to accept the limitations of infirmity. No one can fail to be stirred by Whitman's reluctant admission in 1875 (almost two and a half years after his first stroke): "...it seems pretty clear that there is no substantial recovery probable, (hardly possible), for me—how long it will last this way it is of course impossible to tell..." (to Peter Doyle, June 25, 1875).

WHAT was the experience or set of experiences that transformed a good, but not brilliant, journalist into the master artist of the 1855 *Leaves of Grass?* We wonder what of the poet there is in the letter writer who rarely fails to observe that he is eating his rations regularly and who often comments on the rich whiteness of his beard, the redness of his face and the cut of his shirt. Perhaps there is more than we think. Every prosaic detail of the poet's life—whether it is the beef stew with onions which his mother has prepared or the small gift which must be acknowledged—acquires in Whitman's words a ponderous dignity. What we feel in an overwhelming way is Whitman's sense of himself as a creature of stature whose pattern of life, whose essential rhythm of existence, is untouched, unviolated by impulses foreign to its own. Whitman wrote to Peter Doyle in October, 1868, after he had been the house guest of friends in Providence, Rhode Island, who moved in polite society: "I find it [refined conversation] entertaining, as I say, for novelty's sake, for a week or two—but I know very well that would be enough for me. It is all first-rate, good & smart, but too constrained & bookish for a free old hawk like me" (October 17, 1868). Such a man can

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write to his literary friend and supporter, William O'Connor, stating the artistic purpose of the *Leaves*: "The idea, however, which is this man's contribution . . . is the idea of Totality, of the All-successful, final certainties of each individual man, as well as of the world he inhabits" (November 10, 1867).

The genesis of the artist begins to emerge, also, when we receive flashes of an acute vision that sees the inappropriateness of the interior decor of the Capitol building in Washington, with its "poppy-show goddesses and all the pretty blue & gold" (to his brother Jeff, March 18, 1863), the oddity of "the Washington monument, not half finished—the public grounds around it filled with ten thousand beeves, on the hoof" (to Nathaniel Bloom and F. S. Gray, March 19-20, 1863), and the tragic grandeur of Lincoln's face, "like a hoosier Michael Angelo, so awful ugly it becomes beautiful" (March 19-20, 1863). The identity of the letter writer and the poet becomes especially close in those rare moments when the sentiments in life follow the progress (a ritualistic one) of the emotions in a Whitman poem. He writes to Peter Doyle on July 15, 1873:

> Mother's death is on my mind yet—time does not lift the cloud from me at all—
>
> I want much to get to the seashore—either Long Island or the Jersey coast. . . .

And we find ourselves with startling abruptness in the very heart of "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd."

But direct echoes of the poetry are few—only a phrase now and then like "unconscious and perfect health." These are not literary letters. Whitman was not writing for posterity as so many authors do when they sense that they have the elements of greatness. Nor are the letters literary in the sense that John Keats's are. Keats was absorbed with critical problems, with his ruthless examination of his own poetic practice. Whitman's letters were not even for himself, in this way, but for his readers, often quite ordinary people like his mother or Peter Doyle or an ex-soldier. A letter home was much like a picnic lunch basket, with something for everyone—for his mother, for his brother Jeff, for his sister-in-law Martha, even for his little niece Mannahatta, who might be promised a walk on Old Fort Greene.

MR. MILLER deserves high praise for his editorial labors. He prepared for his task by publishing earlier (with Rosalind S. Miller) a valuable check list, *Walt Whitman's Correspondence* (The New York Public Library, 1957). In these volumes of *The Collected Writings* he has corrected the dates of some letters, listed the sources of all letters and recorded the history of their earlier publication. He has constructed an invaluable list of lost letters, those known to have existed but still missing. And he has given himself the especially demanding tasks of identifying all the people referred to in the letters and of supplying an adequate context by summarizing responses, reporting events and, at times, including letters to Whitman from important correspondents.

Whitman lamented habitually that he had received shabby treatment in America and that he and his poems had been exposed to "one long tirade of shallow impudence, mockery, & scurrilous jeers" (to Moncure D. Conway, February 17, 1868). He accepted gratefully, even hungrily, the signs of recognition which he saw abroad: "... to be accepted by those young men of England [Swinburne, W. M. Rossetti, John Morley, Conway], & so treated with highest courtesy & even honor, touches one deeply." It was like Whitman to exaggerate both the American slight and the English "puff." Walt would be pleased no doubt with the launching of an ambitious set of volumes of his Collected Writings with two volumes of his letters, which display his writing, not in polished or final form, but with its "little peculiarities & even kinks of its own, making [he has said] its genuineness — its vitality . . ."

New Bestiary

NATURAL HISTORY. By Jules Renard. Translated by Philip Hofer. Illustrated by Walter Stein. Dept. of Printing & Graphic Arts. Harvard College Library. 62 pp. 28 illus. $25.

A. Hyatt Mayor

MOST fine press books bore by being pretentious and superfluous, but this little book is one of the happy few that charm their way into one's life. The words and the pictures help each other so delightfully that they enrich our notion of the animals represented in this select gathering. The book is oblong and of elegant simplicity. Thirteen of Walter Stein's original lithographs are tipped in, and fifteen more are reproduced in clear offset by Meriden Gravure. In the sensible French manner, the publication is issued in 150 copies, boxed with a complete set of signed original lithographs for $50 to $75, and 450 copies without the extra lithographs for $25.

Philip Hofer shows wit and ease in his translation of twenty-seven of Jules Renard's miniature essays about various animals. Here, for example, is his rendering of The Butterfly: "This exquisite little love letter, folded in two, is looking for the address of a flower." Renard's eminently pictorial prose poems appeared in 1899 with lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec, and a few years later with illustrations by Bonnard. It was bold to compete with these lively masterpieces, but Walter Stein stands the comparison. Where Lautrec's desperate wit drew animals living as best they can with man, Stein catches them free and on the wing. Where Bonnard sketched decorations that might have fitted a screen or a plate, Stein has something of the choice placing on the page, the exact calligraphy of Utamaro's book of shells. Stein has also made a new selection of animals, inviting fewer quadrupeds and more insects. His study of his predecessors, far from overwhelming him, has helped him to discover his own individual vision, as study does for any artist with originality. Since art evolves circularly, ever returning to old themes and problems, originality rarely consists in inventing new themes, but in perceiving an unsuspected twist in old ones.

The fascination of these latest illustrations to Renard may come from a force that is by no means common in American art — I mean the force of love. This artist has obviously reveled without afterthought in the exercise of ob-

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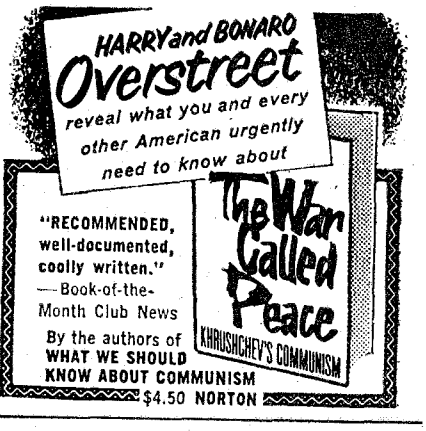
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serving and drawing. Whenever a man throws himself into the pleasure of doing something for its own sake, that pleasure always sparks across to the beholder. How long it is since American book illustration has shown this happy abandon to the play of a trained talent! The first American book with so expert and gay a stimulus was Alexander Calder's *Aesop*, published by Harrison of Paris in 1931. It seemed for a long time that this happy innovation would not joggle the solemnity of our book illustration, but this new book of Walter Stein's is one of several that show a welcome new freedom.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Paris

FIFTEEN PARIS theatres are closed for the summer, yet fifty-one shows are now on the boards. And these do not include the performances of the three national repertory theatres, the two opera houses or the plays given by foreign companies at the international festival in the two houses provided for the purpose.

Among the works to be seen are new productions of early Sartre plays *(No Exit* and *The Respectful Prostitute* on a single bill), an Ionesco double feature *(The Chairs* and *Jack)* and a new interpretation of Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. Chekhov is represented by *The Sea Gull* and *Uncle Vanya*—the latter at the Comédie Française. The Shaw-Campbell correspondence which Jerome Kilty arranged for dramatic reading as *Dear Liar* is a far greater success in Paris than it was in New York. There is a production of Claudel's *The Tidings Brought to Mary,* and the Italian director Visconti has done *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* lavishly. Suzanne Flon is much admired in *Twelfth Night*.

Jean Vilar produced Brecht's *Arturo Ui* this season at the Théâtre National Populaire; there were some widely discussed productions of plays by the Swiss dramatists Dürrenmatt and Max Frisch and a revival—less prettified than the Lunts' enactment in New York—of *The Visit*. Still, the French speak of a theatre "crisis." If the theatre in Paris were in the condition ours is in, it would be a matter for cabinet dispute and government action.

JEAN GENET has written a new play, *Les Paravents (The Screens)*. It is already published, but not likely to be done in Paris for some time (though the state theatre of West Berlin has already presented it) because it deals with the inflammable subject of Algeria.

I revisited Genet's *The Maids*. (I saw it in its original Jouvet production in 1947 as well as in an off-Broadway performance in New York.) The new production was staged by Jean-Marie Serreau—one of the young directors on whom the reputation for "modernity" in the French theatre largely rests.

The Maids is given as a "curtain-raiser" to Ionesco's two-act *Amédée* or *How To Get Rid of It*. I was more impressed than ever with this early Genet play. The double bill (Genet-Ionesco) struck me as the most interesting evening in the Paris theatre during my brief stay. (The Parisians, unlike the New Yorkers on Broadway, are not put off by programs of short plays.)

The Maids is a magnificently expressive piece of writing and though shockingly familiar at moments (by which I mean slangy to the point of obscenity), its language is comparable to the classic verse of the seventeenth-century French dramatists. Here we have a contemporary play which does not shy from rhetoric of the most impassioned sort—far beyond the capacity of its characters seen simply as naturalistic figures. But this aspect of Genet's work—his mastery of a violent and frequently frantic prose—has often been emphasized at the expense of an important feature of his content—its quasi-political "kick."

One reason why so little has been said about this phase of Genet's work is that Genet is an anarchist, and his attitude from the standpoint of those usually interested in "social" plays is negative, wrong-headed, muddled. Genet is not in the least concerned with propaganda or anything so "square" as the public weal. No liberal or Socialist can embrace Genet for his "progressive"

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All by Myself

I goes into this place where the eats aint
half bad. I goes up to the counter and
I says, A bowl of chili, to the guy's smoky
eyes smearin out his face. He nods. So I'm
sittin there, see, all by myself, when this
mouthful of teeth clamps down on my fingers!
Jesus, I screams! The pains go out slow, real
slow, and I yells out mad, Do I look like part
of the menu? No answer. But the chili feels
good going down and I begin to forget.
I reaches for the Journal just ta see what
the Braves done and, by God, another guy,
on my left, don't he take a swipe with his
mouth at my hand! I takes a swing, misses, and
the dope is gone. I had it though! Out I goes,
I gotta get air. Outside I keep on talkin to
myself and mad like I keep thinkin, mutterin.
The leaves is all done for, I'm walkin on
what's left of fall, but I'm so worked up all
I keep askin over and over again, you know,
like someone was there, Am I part of the menu?

HARLAND RISTAU

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views. Yet *The Maids* possesses a fervor (even if it is that of hate) undoubtedly generated by "class war"—though certainly not of the Marxist kind.

What the play says—viewed in this perspective—is that the oppressed must do away with their masters or commit suicide. In *The Balcony* the revolutionary leader who fails—partly out of envy for the chief of police, the real power of the state—castrates himself. The revolution, though suppressed, is about to begin anew as *The Balcony* approaches its final curtain.

It is possible to exaggerate this social element in Genet—an act which would no doubt exasperate him—but it seems to me artistically and morally blind to neglect it altogether. It is this potential of social relevance in Genet's plays which has attracted such men as Sartre. It is Genet's nihilistic ferocity on the other hand which seems to have cooled Sartre to Genet's later plays. And what, by contrast, is Genet's attitude toward Sartre? "It is a pity when a profound man becomes merely intelligent," Genet is reported to have said.

After the shock of *The Maids* comes the sly fooling (or the pathos?) of Ionesco's *Amédée*. The play is a mad farce about a couple — the man an unsuccessful playwright, and his wife who supports him through work as a telephone operator — whose flat is crowded by a corpse found in the room adjoining the one we see on the stage. This corpse keeps growing during the progress of the play, till its feet and legs burst through the walls and destroy the apartment and the house itself. What is the corpse which swells to such horrendous proportions? One is never wholly sure, but it may be the boredom, the sheer lethargy and inertia of the ordinary marriage. At the end of the play we see the husband transported over the rooftop, and beyond his wife's pleading cry, in the gigantic shoe which represents the fabulous corpse.

The play is too long for its notion, but it is arresting just the same — standing halfway between nonsense, humor and delirium.

ONE OF the paradoxes of the French theatre is that, while in certain essential respects it is the most advanced of our day, it is also one of the most retarded. On the credit side are the playwrights who, whatever their shortcomings, express with considerable intellectual intensity some of the central perturbations of our time. On the debit side is the frequent sleaziness of production and the peculiar limitations in much of the acting.

This is not the place to go into the economics which may explain certain weaknesses in the mounting of French plays. But in seeing the Comédie Française production of Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* (written in 1838, first produced at the Comédie in 1879 and repeatedly revived there before the war and now once again), I was reminded of the reasons why so much acting on the Parisian stage seems "old-fashioned," and out of step, when not downright bad.

Ruy Blas, a play of superbly versified fustian, is admirably rendered in its new presentation. The sets and costumes by Lila de Nobili are sumptuously somber. The actors' voices, diction, carriage, look and general comportment leave nothing to be desired. I can think of no English-speaking company that could read Hugo's verse with such rapidity, clarity, resonance, virility and scenic fire. But our companies are hardly ever required to cope with such problems.

Ours is a predominantly naturalistic theatre, and though Shakespeare is a dramatist of a different sort, he is closer to the psychological theatre (which we are supposed to represent) than he is to the French neo-classic and romantic theatres. So that though some of our actors occasionally essay Shakespeare with a degree of success, the more "artificial" modes of the French tradition are beyond our scope.

Our acting style is greatly influenced by the documentary film and the movies in general. The inspiration of Stanislavsky (by way of the changes rung on him through the "Method") has added a significant dimension of emotional authenticity to the reportage of naturalistic devices. Our acting therefore nearly always seems rooted in actuality when the common realistic play is presented. On the lower levels, it is nondescript and inconsequential. But for the French, to quote Sartre, "the theatre is not concerned with reality. It is concerned only with truth."

This distinction is vital to an understanding of French theatre practice as compared to ours. The French cultivate an idealized formalism which they equate in its graver and more sedate key with classicism and on its florid or extravagant scale with romanticism. At its near best, it produces a traditional style that always provides a sense of "mask" which gratifies through a certain combination of expert craftsmanship and the patterns of glamour. But when this theatre is not at its best we get rant, posturing, absurd inflation — "ham."

Though the French were historically among the first to introduce realism to the stage — through Antoine and his

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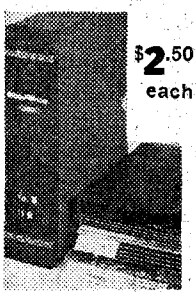

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The result of this peculiarity in the development of the French theatre is that French "classic" or formal acting is too frequently wanting in artistic truth (because such acting has become divorced from a living tradition of classic drama — Racine may be great and Hugo colorful but they belong wholly to the past), while French realistic acting is often marred by hangovers from the worst aspects of the classic-romantic tradition or from what the French call "vaudeville" — knockabout comedy.

Thus, we often see actors who are convincingly simple in films become grossly stagey in the theatre. There are French directors and actors who are aware of this discrepancy, but so far very few have known how, or taken the time, to deal with it; since, apart from the hazards of the problem itself, the French theatre suffers from insularity, complacency and economic debility.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

MARCEL CARNE, whose eminence as a director long predates the New Wave, has none the less borrowed their props and locales for *The Cheaters* — a film that in earlier times might have been called *Heedless Youth* or *Our Desperate Daughters*. M. Carné's difficulty, I think, is precisely one of age: he is worried about his young people, he sympathizes with them and, like a conscientious father, he feels obliged to learn their lingo and share their enthusiasms. It is admirable, but a good father is not necessarily a good director, and this film feels very much shot from the outside.

One obvious thing about this current generation is that it is aware of itself as international. Through movies and through music, through cars, scooters, beards and levis, French, English, Italian, German, Japanese, American and, I suspect, Russian boys and girls are engaged in creating a world style of behavior. That could be encouraging, but what is not so cheerful is that it also appears to be an underground style. I don't mean that it is necessarily criminal, but that it is non-social, deliberately outside the course of events.

A film note is not the place to parade the customary speculations as to why this should be so, but the situation presents a dramatic difficulty. Being underground, these young people adopt a strategy of non-communication — they signal one another, they do not talk. And being deliberately out of the stream, they do not move but merely eddy. The dominant mode of stage or screen, however, is narrative — a story that goes from here to there with consequences of definable significance. The young internationals do not fit that pattern, and when Carné harnesses them to a well-organized plot with a specifically moral conclusion, they suddenly become "flaming youth" which is not the same thing.

Films like *Breathless*, which I once said baffled me, try to capture the new quality. I was baffled, not because I couldn't "understand" what was going on, but because I couldn't see what it had to do with drama. It did not abandon character or plot, but the characters failed to mesh and the plot was stagnant. The "scene" was brilliant, the situation blank. Perhaps the trouble with the New Wave has been that it persists in telling the stories of people who have no story to tell. Perhaps the directors need to invent an abstract poetry of the screen, one composed of random impressions and subjective sensations. Or not invent, exactly — a rerun of *Sang du Poète* would provide a point of departure.

THE combination of Henri-Georges Clouzot (horror), Brigitte Bardot (sex) and a courtroom locale (suspense) is such obvious good business that I think *The Truth* must have been produced by a box office.

It is that story about the little street tramp (New Wave style; she digs Gillespie or someone) who falls in love with an authentic genius (formerly the property of her prim sister) and plugs him one when he dumps her to get on with his symphony. This meager fare is dressed up in Clouzot trappings, but the only real business of the film is to display Bardot rampant. I never believed that there was more to the sexiness of Mae West than what you could see; I'm afraid that Mlle. Bardot belongs to the same class of voyeur entertainment.

ASHES AND DIAMONDS, the second film by the Polish director Andrzej Wajda to be shown here (*Kanal* has been playing for some weeks), is related to another branch of international youth. Its hero, dressed in the costume of Western rebellion (khaki pants and a zippered jacket; dark glasses, even in the dark), is a reproduction from the screen image of James Dean, Marlon Brando and the other lost children of violence. He is a juvenile delinquent.

In this case, he is also used to represent the depravity of the forces op-

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HAVE WE LOST OUR WILL TO PROTECT OUR FREEDOMS?

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For most of two centuries the rightness of those words has been a conviction of most Americans.

"If there is one thing certain about the First Amendment it is that this Amendment was designed to guarantee the freest interchange of ideas about all public matters and that, of course, means the interchange of *all* ideas. . . ." —*Justice Hugo L. Black, June* 5, 1961.

A good restatement of our conviction? Those words are in a *dissenting* opinion. The majority of the Supreme Court on June 5 upholding the Smith Act held that Congress can punish citizens for "active" membership in an organization (that is, for *assembling peaceably*). Previously the Court held that Congress can punish citizens for "conspiring to teach and advocate" (that is, for exercising *freedom of speech and press*).

"The first banning of an association because it advocates hated ideas—whether that association be called a political party or not—marks a fateful moment in the history of a free country."—*Justice Black, June* 5, 1961.

Justice Black was dissenting against the Supreme Court decision that the virtual outlawing of the Communist Party was legal. What has happened to our conviction? It has given way to obsession with "national security" or, to be more honest, *fear*. Is giving way to fear likely to make us more secure?

"Once a government is committed to the principle of silencing the voice of opposition, it has only one way to go and that is down the path of increasingly repressive measures. . . ."—*Harry S. Truman, August* 8, 1950.

That advice was rejected by Congress when it passed the Internal Security Act, which the Court just upheld. With his sense of history President Truman remembered how the fearful Germans had let the Nazis outlaw first Communist ideas, then socialist ideas, then democratic ideas, and finally common decency.

"Now, when this country is trying to spread the high ideals of democracy all over the world—ideals that are revolutionary in many countries—seems to be a particularly inappropriate time to stifle First Amendment freedoms in this country."—*Justice Black, June* 5, 1961.

How can we claim world leadership when fear subverts our most revolutionary ideal: freedom to oppose the government? How can we regain the courage of our conviction?

"What we lose by majority vote today may be reclaimed at a future time when the fear of advocacy, dissent and non-conformity no longer cast a shadow over us."—*Justice William O. Douglas, June* 5, 1961.

Frightened majorities often take courage from steadfast minorities. A notable example in the past was President Jefferson's release of citizens imprisoned under the infamous Sedition Act. An example today is given by the 32 Americans in prison or facing prison for upholding the First Amendment before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

"The strength of the Constitution lies entirely in the determination of each citizen to defend it."—*Dr. Albert Einstein, in a letter to ECLC, March* 3, 1954.

Einstein had learned in Germany in the 1930's that lovers of freedom must show the courage of their conviction at every opportunity—in their schools, their churches, their community organizations, their political activities.

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posing a benign communism in Poland. Young Maciek is a constitutional killer, the trigger boy for an underground group composed of the remnants of the Polish regular Army. He is possessed of a mad, amoral grin, shows signs of incipient hysteria, alternates between lethargy and a finicky agility and caresses his weapon. All familiar enough, even in the context of political propaganda.

The killer is distracted momentarily by his fancy (more than passing) for a golden-hearted and available barmaid, but in the end assassinates his subject — a fatherly Communist functionary. I gathered that this was to satisfy the sado-masochistic integrity of the character (as well as the political integrity of the picture).

Wajda is a powerful director and many of his scenes tear at you. But in the end he seems to me unoriginal. His situations and characters are trite and his symbolism is very heavy — a mad orchestra conductor leads disheveled members of the *ancien régime* through a stately dance nostalgic of lost glories; the killer dies — one of those long, staggering deaths — on a vast field of garbage. *Ashes and Diamonds* might have been an arresting picture fifteen years ago.

FRANTIC, directed by Louis Malle, is a competent, if somewhat routine, French intellectual thriller. The entertainment in this genre is not in mystification, but in sharing the torment of a murderer whose exceedingly well-planned crime is uncovered by ironic accident and the perversity of inanimate objects and unsuspecting bystanders. This one is suitably complex, with a stranded elevator, a couple of kids who steal a car, the irrelevant murder of a German tourist, the double-edged evidence in a miniature camera, a little girl who wanders by, etc. The sensation is like having your finger nails extracted, which — vicariously — is surprisingly attractive. I've seen more excruciating examples, but this is good.

(Continued from page 32)

turation, as well as their actual behavior in the classroom, the playground, among their peers — would be a revelation as well as a necessary condition for intelligent reform.

It is quite important in all of this to notice that, though the adolescent gang implicitly subscribes to values and goals substantially opposed to those of adult society, adolescents have not themselves debated and chosen an alien ideology. Their mottoes and partial doctrines (witness the speculative efforts of the beatniks) are not designed to replace the ideology of the nation as a whole. They themselves regularly outgrow their own programs and find their places in society at large. This is not to say their criticism of adult life is unjustified. But their ideological scraps are, precisely, the banners of rebellion and criticism.

But juveniles form, in the most serious sense, the new generation. It is almost, therefore, a better sign that they rebel than that they conform prematurely. Still, the continuity in transition from adolescence to adulthood has somehow been broken — we can hardly blame the adolescent for this. And in the absence of a suitable neighborhood, a neighborhood of cooperating adults responsibly overseeing the requisite initiation forms, juveniles have intuitively taken over the duties themselves, however bizarre and destructive their own rituals, and have created fresh and genuine communities among the rather wan remains of adult-managed neighborhoods.

Here, surely, is the supreme clue to the treatment of delinquency: the reconstitution of the organic neighborhood in whatever form urban living will support. The vision will have to be provided by the adult world, but it will have to be a vision primarily of parents respectfully grooming the coming generation rather than of property owners and taxpayers worried about their investments. It will have to provide for the absorption of adolescents into adult routines, but at a pace and with such allowances as adolescent growth requires. And it will have to do all this by a method of attraction rather than of enforcement; else, the adult community may not hope to have its children replace itself with a genuine allegiance to its own ideals. But this means that it will have to make the alternatives of adult life sufficiently appealing, and that has enormous implications for the reorganization of the urban world itself.

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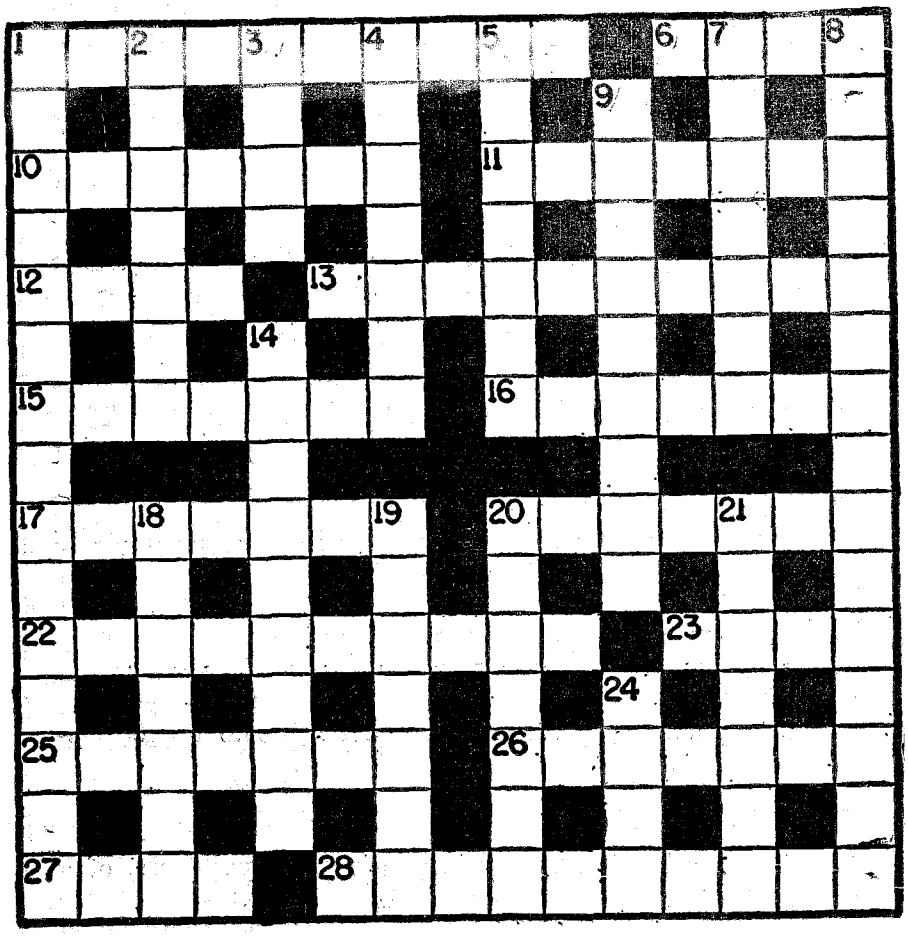
Crossword Puzzle No. 923

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Quarreling married people (or their statements) might be. (10)
6 C, F, or G, for example. (4)
10 The sort of nut that goes with port, perhaps, as a way to loosen things up. (7)
11 Gad-about parties? (7)
12 Said to give prominence to those who occupy it. (4)
13 Wormy paste? (10)
15 Agreeing to be inattentive? (7)
16 Declining to give offense to royalty? (7)
17 Does it imply a little stumbling over the poet's lines? (7)
20 One might take a flutter in coquetry. (7)
22 Neatness and dispatch? (10)
23 and 25 U.S.S. Missouri? (4,2,5)
26 It should help your digestion to attempt further writing in combination with it. (7)
27 Done in the process of swelling? (4)
28 More unadorned race? Nonsense! (10)

DOWN:

1 An old salt might have been, in the process of making a timid bullfighter look better. (8,3,4)
2 Tom Swift, for example? (7)
3 Toe-plate? (4)
4 Not the sort of cold mass the weatherman talks about. (7)
5 Engraves, in a way? (7)
7 Little stones found in Dunlap, Illinois. (7)
8 Aware of the arrest of straitened circumstances? (7,3,5)
9 Ballet not allowed, with rabbits in the galeries. (9)
14 Laid up, but possessing a sort of eclat, in a manner of speaking. (9)
18 Find use one way or another for this, when poured in. (7)
19 He rates a girl-friend, possibly. (7)
20 Left the stage when about a hundred, and called to further activity. (7)
21 The conclusion of a monograph on a foreign land doesn't permit speech. (7)
24 One might change color. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 922

ACROSS: 1 Wild life; 5 Gnomic; 10 Isotope; 11 End play; 13 Decked out; 14 Epsom; 16 Minstrel; 22 Stele; 24 Chieftain; 26 Angle; 28 Ill will; 29 Eyebrow; 30 Posits; 31 Asuncion. DOWN: 1 Weighted; 2 Leona; 3 Liontamer; 4 Freedom; 6 Nudge; 7 Melpomene; 8 Coyote; 9 Beacon; 15 Stanislas; 17 Testacean; 20 Avails; 21 Yankees; 23 Scrimp; 25, 12, 18 and 19 Faint heart never won fair lady; 27 Gorki.

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THE MEISENBACH CASE

The FBI and the HUAC Convicted

By IRVING HALL

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